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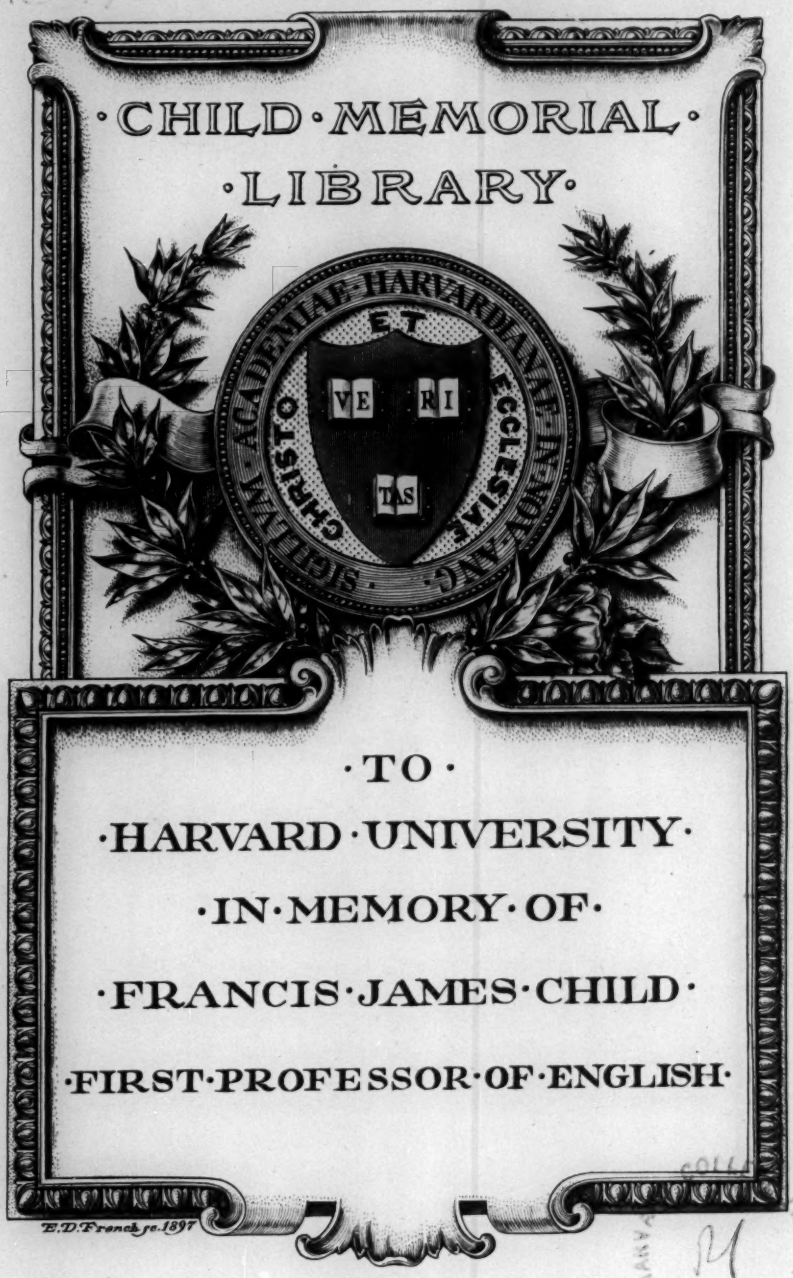

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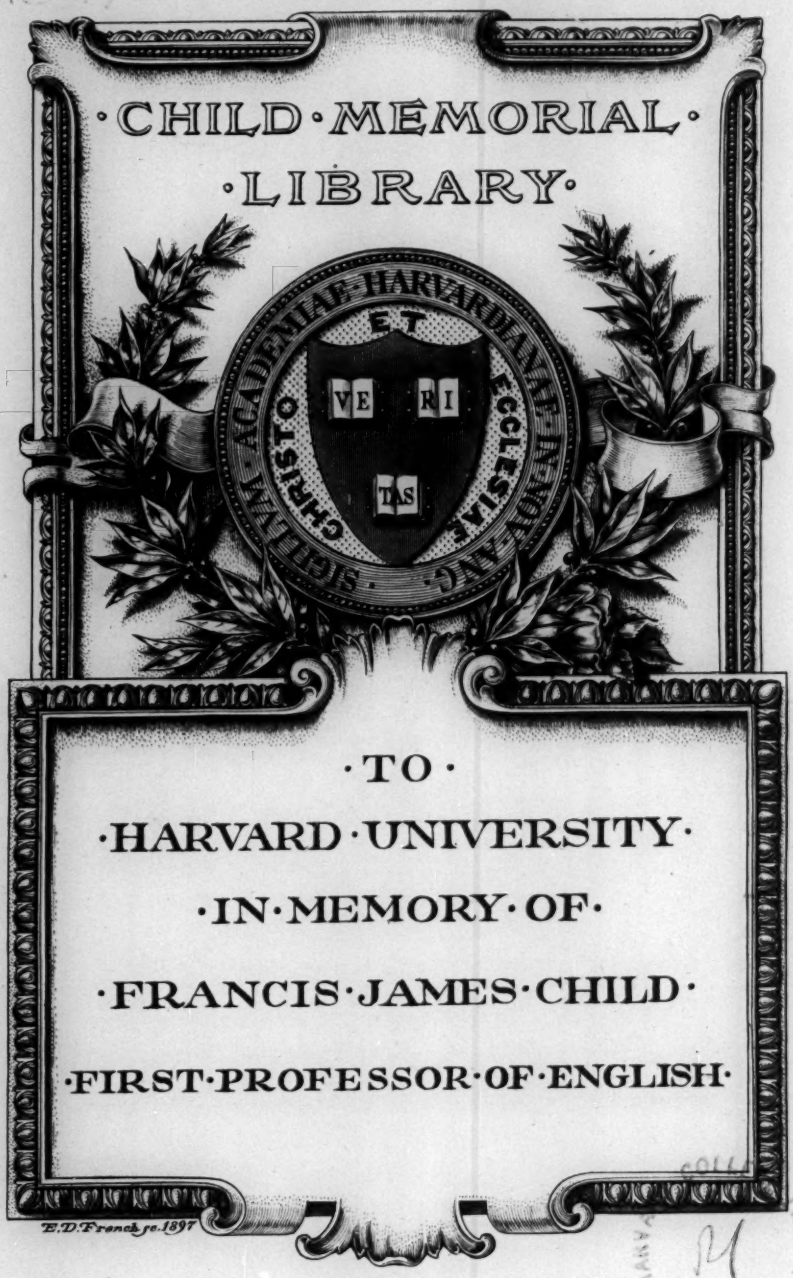

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LOVAT's GHOST:

OR, THE

COURTIER's *Warning-piece.*

A

BALLAD.

To the Tune of William *and* Margaret.

Etiam Mortuus loquitur.

——————— *Heros*
Ut primum juxta ſtetit, agnovitque per umbras
Obſcuram ; qualem primo qui ſurgere menſe
Aut vidit, aut vidiſſe putat per nubila lunam
Obſtupuit, ſteteruntque comæ & vox faucibus hæſit.
VIRG.

DUBLIN:

Printed by JAMES ESDALL, at the Corner of *Copper-Alley* on *Cork-Hill.*

Mar. 29, 1918
Harvard University
Child Memorial Library
Deposited in Harvard College Library

LOVAT's GHOST:

OR, THE

COURTIER's *Warning-piece.*

I.

'TWAS at the ſilent Midnight Hour,
When *Fiends* and *Witches* meet,
When Watchmen ſlumber in their Stalls,
And *Night Carts* ply the Street.

II.

Then *Lovat*'s grimly Ghoſt aroſe,
All bloody, from the Dead;
Dreſs'd in a Shroud beſpread with Gore,
And ſhorter by the Head.

III:

Lo! thrice —— he gave three diſmal Groans,
That made the Place rebound,
Oh here! ſaid he, many with me
Their Deaths have lately found.

IV.

The Critic now, metinks I hear
Say, with a ſcornful Sneer,
Can headleſs Sprites, or Bodies ſpeak,
How make you this appear?

V.

Thou fooliſh Elf! Do but attend,
At * *Stephen*'s Houſe of Prayer,
And many a Speech, by headleſs Men,
You'll find it utter'd there.

VI.

Mark how the Throng, in Silence drown'd,
Wait *P* ——'s long lying Speech;
Can any one with Head or Brains,
Abſurdities thus preach?

---

* *St. Stephen*'s *Chapel*, commonly call'd the *******.

Take

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 71 JUL

VII.

Take *Colley*'s yearly Odes, —— and when
That you the ſame have read,
Say, can you think they e'er were penn'd
By Man that wore a Head?

VIII.

Full many ſpeak, and many write,
Without ev'n Heads or Senſe;
Why then in our Ghoſt can you
Not with the ſame diſpenſe?

IX.

But to proceed —— from off the Spot,
Where *Lovat* met his Fall,
With ſolemn Pace he glided on,
And ſteer'd towards *Whitehall*.

X.

When as thro' *Ludgate* that he paſs'd,
The Monarch of the Night,
In the K——'s Name bid him to ſtand,
Not knowing it was a Sprite.

XI.

" Stand, Fellow! in the King's Name ſtand, "
The *Conſtable* to him ſaid,
Why Troth, the Fellow heeds me not,
Alas! —— he's ne'er a Head.

XII.

Quoth *Lovat*, ——— Friend I know thee not,
The K ——— g I knew before;
My Head to him I late have paid,
Pray, Friend, what would you more.

XIII.

The *Conſtable* his Watchmen call'd,
A ſtout and able Band;
Some blind —— ſome lame —— and ſome withal,
So drunk they ſcarce could ſtand.

XIV.

Some did obey their Leader's Voice,
And come as they were bid;
But all were ſore amaz'd, to ſee
A Man without a head.

XV.

Says one, this ſure can be no Man,
That headleſs thus does talk;
It muſt be old Lord *Lovat*'s Ghoſt,
That at this Hour doth walk.

XVI.

The Ghoſt it gave a horrid Groan;
And thus unto them ſaid,
Moleſt me not, —— for lo! I come
From Regions of the Dead.

XVII.

To warn in time the guilty Chiefs,
Of this much injur'd Land;
Therefore, my Friends, I pray retire,
And ſleep within your Stand.

XVIII.

Your Wives they are all ſafe at home,
Entranc'd in am'rous Bliſs;
And ſure when Spouſe is out at Night,
A wife may ſteal a Kiſs.

XIX.

But think no Harm, you're honeſt Men,
And watch for publick Good;
And for the very ſelf ſame End,
Your Wives encreaſe your Brood.

XX.

Let not my Walks diſturb your Reſt,
Go nod within your Stalls:
As do thoſe *Rev'rend Watchmen* all,
That dwell within theſe Walls.

XXI.

This ſaid —— old *Lovat* glided on,
And paſs'd thro' many a Street;
'Till he approach'd to * * * * * * Bed,
And ſtood juſt at his Feet.

XXII.

In pleaſant Dreams, of Taxes new,
The Politician lay;
Of *Bargains* made to *wrong* the State ——
Of *Perquiſites* —— and *Pay*.

XXIII.

With Clay-cold Hand old *Lovat* drew
The Curtains open wide;
When uttering forth a diſmal Groan,
Awake! —— * * * * * * he cry'd.

XXIV.

Awake! Awake! 'tis *Lovat* calls,
Come from the dreary Grave,
Be patient now —— and hear the Man
The * * * * refus'd to ſave.

This

XXV.

This is the dark and dismal Hour,
When restless Ghosts do walk;
The Grave has now resign'd me up,
Around your Bed to stalk.

XXVI.

To tell thee, *Harry*, of thy Faults,
This Warning take of mine,
Lest that e'er long much worse a Fate,
Should happen to be thine.

XXVII.

While *Chesterfield* shall ever bloom
In Glories prime and Youth,
And rank amongst the foremost Sons
Of Liberty and Truth.

XXVIII.

As from the Flame the Phœnix mounts,
Unrivall'd and alone,
So all great Statesmen *England* counts
Shall be compriz'd in one.

XXIX.

Cecil again in him shall be
And piercing *Walsingham*;
And every one who dar'd be free
Shall glory in his name.

XXX.

Ages unborn shall speak his Fame,
Of Liberty the Nurse;
Ages unborn shall ban thy Name
With an eternal Curse.

XXXI.

That precious Gift by Heav'n bestow'd
On all Men, call'd the *Light*,
How durst you limit, or assess,
Can you to it claim Right?

XXXII.

Lo! when you come to lodge with me,
And the thin Shroud to wear.
Thou'lt long e'en for a Glimpse thereof,
Your heavy Heart to chear.

XXXIII.

That Light, which now you grudge to Man,
Thou then wilt wish to have:
For cold and dark is the long Night,
That curtains round the Grave.

XXXIV.

Think on the War, that now is wag'd,
And on the Blood that's ſpilt;
Think on the Sums that ſquander'd are,
And think on your own Guilt,

XXXV.

Why load you thus Poſterity,
With what they ne'er can pay;
Alas! the Child that is unborn,
Will rue your preſent Sway,

XXXVI.

Bethink thee of thy daily Crimes,
In galling of this Land,
With Taxes, heretofore, unknown,
That riſe at thy Command,

XXXVII.

Deſiſt in Time, e'er that the long
And tedious Night draw near;
With hungry Worms, when you ſhall dwell,
'Till the laſt Morn appear.

XXXVIII.

Tho' as a traiterous Rebel, I
Juſtly receiv'd my Doom,
Yet know that many bad as me,
Survive to fill my Room.

XXXIX.

My Country's Good I thought to find,
Tho' by wrong Meaſures led;
I then, too late, found my Miſtake,
And for it loſt my Head.

XL.

Contentedly did I ſubmit,
And thought, when Death was o'er,
I ſuffer'd had the Law, and that
I ſhould not ſuffer more,

XLI.

But yet alas! ſo hard my Fate,
You cruel after Death,
Denied me that ſmall Boon I crav'd,
E'en with my lateſt Breath.

XLII.

To reſt my Bones in that ſame Place,
Where my Anceſtor's be;
That the ſame * Tomb, by me ſet up,
Might cover them and me.

XLIII.

This was my Pride and my Requeſt,
Which I did think to have;
That each *geud Wife* might me attend,
With † *Coronock*'s to the Grave.

---

* Lord *Lovat* erected a Monument at the Family's Burial Place, with the following vain and oſtentatious Inſcription.

To the Memory of

THOMAS Lord FRASER of LOVAT, who choſe rather to undergo the greateſt Hardſhips of Fortune, than to part with the antient Honours of his Houſe, and bore theſe Hardſhips with undaunted Fortitude of Mind.

This Monument was erected

By SIMON Lord FRASER of LOVAT, his Son who likewiſe having undergone many and great viciſſitudes of good and bad Fortune, thro' the Malice of his Enemies, he, in the end at the Head of his Clan, forced his way to his paternal Inheritance, with his Sword in his Hand, and reliev'd his Kindred and Followers from Oppreſſion and Slavery. And both at Home and in foreign Countries, *by his eminent Actions, in War and in the State, he has acquired great Honours and Reputation.*

Hic tegit oſſa lapis Simonis fortis in armis,
Reſtituit preſſum, nam genus ille ſuum.
Hoc marmor poſuit cari genitivis honori,
In genus afflictum par erat ejus amor,

† This was always *Lovat*'s Deſire; and in a Letter to my Lord Preſident of the Seſſions he concludes thus, And I will have after I am dead, what I always wiſh'd, the Coronock of all the Women in my Country, to convey my Body to the Grave; and this was my Ambition, when I was in my happieſt Situation in the World. —— This Coronock is a Lamentation ſung over the Dead, by the People of the Highlands, much after the manner of the *Iriſh* Howl —— But for ſome Reaſons of State, this was denied, and Lord *Lovat*'s Body, three Days after his Execution, was by order interr'd in the Tower.

But

XLIV.

But ſince that I can not obtain,
E'en this my laſt Requeſt,
Let me declare what ſhall befall,
And I ſhall be at reſt.

XLV.

Of all that Pomp wherein you ſhine,
You ſoon ſhall be depriv'd,
For know your Reign, as M——,
Is very ſhortly liv'd.

XVVI.

The Seal that you as * * * * * *,
O th' * * * * * now do bear,
You'll ſoon reſign, and thoſe your Robes
Be given another to wear.

XLVII.

Both you, and all your Friends, that now
Support you in your Place,
Muſt ſoon turn out, —— and * * * * too
Reſign his fav'rite Mace.

XLVIII.

Then you will find —— But hark! the Watch
Man calls the Hours two:
The Dawn appears — and I muſt bid
A long and laſt Adieu.

XLIX.

So fare you well, and mark my Words,
For no more time I have;
The Light draws on —— and warns me hence,
Unto the dreary Grave.

L.

Now Chimney-Sweepers cry'd their Trade,
And Morning ſhew'd her Head;
But *Harry* ſhook in ev'ry Limb,
And left his wreaking Bed.

LI.

He hy'd him to that ſplendid Place,
Where nought but Pomp appears;
There ſoon forgot old *Lovat*'s Ghoſt,
And all his former Fears.

F I N I S.